

# Synthesizer

## OutKast

Intro: andre benjamin and george clinton \*singing\*Everybody's got opinions

On the way you're living

But see they can't fill your shoes

Life is made of half illusion (illusion)

Forty percent confusion (confusion)

Whatever's left I'm using to keep myself from losing, yea

You don't know what I've been through (oooh)

Hell I might go through you (ghetto boy that, won't eat, tonight)

Uh-oh, oh no-oahohh (that little boy just wanna eat tonight)

Hey hey (he scuffles with her booty and her face) hey hey

And mm-mmmmmm (mom I'm seekin that sir tea and some soup yea)

All in all it's all in my headVerse one: big boiYou know it's that high guy, from east p.i.

Spittin the realness of reality, you mad at me

Boi how you gonna handle me?

You want me to lolligag and talk that bullshit?

I refuse to play so I'm gon' speak that southern good shit

That harder than yo' hood shit, lil' shit

That make y'all niggaz think about the trigger

Before you pull it, on liquor stores and banks

Them folks got more than enough bullets to put that ass

Off in the slang, don't claim no gang, we the niggaz

That did that "ain't no thang but a chicken wang"

But still though, how you gonna play a nigga like dildo

We outkast til it's over, barbeque and never mildo

For real bro" in tonight's news, 20th century technology:

Has the computer age, scientists, and doctors gone too far?

Einstein or frankenstein?

Dr. scholl's, or dr. jekyll and mr. hyde?

Are we digging into new ground,

Or digging our own graves? story at 11"Verse two: george clintonValley girls are horny tonight (synthesizer)

Fuzzy logic, their pubic virginity (synthesizer)

Ooooh oooh ooh .. (synthesizer)

Ooooh oooh ooh .. (synthesizer)Conceived under the influence of toxic wasted doctors

Computer buggin debuggin device-a and vice versa

And various viruses

Performing with laser light precision and verbal incision

For a linguistic ballistic lobotomy

Mind-fuckin you, a psycho-sodomy

Of the medula oblongata

Accept your mind down your spine and out your behind  
Fuck you Verse three: andre benjamin Synthesizer, microwave me

Give me a drug so I can make seven babies  
Pump my breasts up, can you suck the fat up

Please make my life appear  
Like ain't no such thing as bad luck

My, nose ain't right  
Like I need a new one  
Just take your pick, a yellow red  
A black or a blue one

Virtual reality, virtual, bullshit  
Synthesizer preachers can reach you  
Up in the pulpit  
Who a bitch?

Give me my gat so I can smoke this nigga  
Tell his mamma not to cry  
Because they can clone him quicker  
Than it took his daddy to make him  
Niggaz bitin verbatim

Thought provokin records radio never played dem  
Instant, quick grits, new, improved  
Hurry hurry, rush rush, world on the move  
Marijuana illegal but ciggarettes cool  
I might look kinda funny but I ain't no fool  
Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize  
Now if you wanna synthesize I emp-athize  
But if you synthesize I will understand

Your synthesizer man Verse four: george clinton Ghetto boy horny tonight

Scsi with a booty in a cage  
Problem sinkin down and stretchin out  
So sleepy, playing safe in cyberspace  
(synthesizer)

Cybersexy wendy (synthesizer)  
Web walkin in the nude  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Said she'd lapdance on your laptop  
While your laptop's in your lap  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Cybersexy wendy

Web walkin in the nude  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Said she'd tapdance on your laptop  
While your laptop's in your lap  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Digital good time, digital good time

Cybersexy wendy  
Web walkin in the nude  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Digital good time, digital good time  
Fuzzy logic, it's groovy..

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